

INDIVISIBLE.

A moment face to face they stood,
While soul met soul in honest eyes.
That trembling glowed through unshed tears,
Beams of a love that never dies.

They met to speak the saddest word
That e'er on human lips can dwell;
But, O, the mockery to dream
That such as these could take farewell!

For as two roseate clouds unite,
In wake of the departed sun,
Their kindred essence pure and sweet,
Those twin had softly merged in one.

They might be severed pole from pole,
Might live through all the years apart;
What mattered time and space to them
Whose home was in each other's heart.

He craved a tress of that fine gold
Whose wavy wreaths her forehead graced,
Hoping to grant the boon, he clasped
A zone of pearl about her waist.

A moment more, and he was gone
From sight, nought else. High heart and
mind,
Stronghold of tenderness and truth,
Defied the hour, and stayed behind!

The seasons rolled, and ne'er again
That face to face 'twas theirs to stand;
Yet heart to heart they walked the world
On to the goal, the silent land.

Gift of gifts! a noble soul
That wraps our own in full embrace,
Till all mean things in love's great sea
Are lost, and self hath no more place.

—Good Words.

MRS. HAWK, NEE DOVE.

A hawk once courted a little white dove,
With the softest of wings and a voice full of love,
And the hawk—O yes, as other hawks go—
Was a well enough hawk, for aught that I know.

Well, she married the hawk; the groom was
delighted,
A feast was prepared, and the friends all in-
vited.
Then he flew to his nest, with the dove at his
side,
And soon all the rest took a squint at the bride.

A hawk for his father, a hawk for his mother,
A hawk for his sister, and one for his brother,
And uncles and aunts there were by the
dozens,
And oh, such a number of hawks for his
cousins!

If a thought of her peaceful, far away nest
Now haunted her dreams, or throbbled in her
breast,
No bird ever knew; each hour of her life
Kind, gentle and true, was the hawk's dove-
wife.

But the delicate nature too sorely was tried;
With no visible sickness the dove drooped
and died.
Then loud was their grief, and the wish all
expressed,
To call the learned birds and hold an inquest.

So all the birds came, but each shook his
head;
No discourse could he name why the dove should
be dead.

Till a wise old owl, with a knowing look,
Stated this: "The case is as clear as a book:
No discourse do I find, or accident's shock;
The cause of her death was—too much hawk!
Hawk for her father and hawk for her mother,
Hawk for her sister and hawk for her brother!

"She was nurtured a dove; too hard the
hawk's life;
Void of kindness and love, full of harshness
and strife."
And when he had told them, the other birds
knew
That this was the cause, and the verdict was
true!

—Laura S. Peck, in the Boston Watchman.

THE LOVER'S WRAITH.

"Now, girls, if you want any beauty
sleep, you had better go to bed," said
Mrs. Conway.

Mrs. Conway's house was decorated
with festoons of evergreen studded with
scarlet berries.

The great wedding-cake, with its col-
umns of spun sugar and wreaths of
frosted roses, was already set in its
place of honor in the middle of the table,
and the chandelier, an old-fashioned
affair, with glistening silver chains and
pendants of cut glass, was wreathed
with princely pine and "velvet run,"
for Katie Conway was to be married the
next day.

She stood before the fire a tall, sweet-
faced girl of 19, her golden brown hair
coiled in rippling waves around her
head, and her large blue eyes shining
like azure jewels, while the three brides-
maids, old schoolmates, who, in accord-
ance with an ancient compact, had been
summoned to this first wedding in their
ranks, clustered around her like maids
of honor about their queen.

"Dear me," said Rosa Finlay, "it's
past 11."

"And my hair not crimped yet," said
Josy Dale.

"And I've got the blue bows to sew on
my white muslin dress," added Lucilla
Wharton. "Good night, every body."

And so the merry little group scat-
tered to their various rooms.

Katie Conway herself went last of all,
but she did not go immediately to bed.
Was there not Robert Falconer's last

letter to read over, once again, in the
glow of the fire, while Bessie, the
maid, who was waiting to brush out her
young lady's hair, glanced askance at
Katie's face, and thought how nice it
must be to have a lover.

Suddenly Katie started up.
"How selfish I am!" she said, apolo-
getically. "I forgot that Bessie was
waiting."

And in five minutes the maid was dis-
missed, and Katie was all alone, with
the lamp burning softly on the table and
the firelight glancing on the gilded ar-
abesques of the Chinese folding screen,
that shut all draughts away from the
hearth.

Almost at the same time Robert Fal-
coner, just arrived in the late train, was
standing out in the frosty moonlight by
the stable-yard of the "Bolton Arms,"
and close to him stood a tall, handsome
man, leaning against the gate-post, and
smoking a cigar.

"Well," he said, airily, "this is a
surprise!"

"I don't see why it should be," re-
turned Falconer. "I am to be married to
Miss Conway to-morrow, and I de-
cided to come on to-night instead of
waiting for the morning train. I shall
give them an agreeable surprise," and
his face brightened at the thought.
"The wonder is that you should be
here, Karl Porter."

"I?"
The young man's eyes turned evasive-
ly away from the other's frank glance.
"Oh, we lawyers are here and there
and everywhere. I've had a libel case
in the town, and it has brought me
down occasionally."

"Who was that woman you were talk-
ing to when I first came in?" carelessly
questioned Falconer. "She seemed an-
noyed or angry."

Porter laughed again, this time mere
constrainedly than before.

"It's only a woman from the other
end of the town," said he. "I've paid
her pretty daughter a few passing at-
tentions, and she wants to take the mat-
ter au sérieux. These country people
are so desperately in earnest. Here
comes the hostler; now you'll be off."

But fate had ordained otherwise.
The only horse left in the stables was
hopelessly lame.

"But if the gentleman could wait an
hour or—"

"Wait an hour!" echoed Mr. Fal-
coner, "and it's after 11 already! No,
thanks, my good fellow. It's an easy
two miles. I could walk it in less time
than that."

"But it's a bitter night, sir, for all
the moon shines so bright," urged the
man, "and you'll be famished with the
cold."

"No matter. My friend here will
lend me his fur-trimmed Ulster—eh,
Porter?" laughingly demanded Fal-
coner.

"With all the pleasure in life," Karl
Porter languidly made answer; "that is,
if you are actually determined to commit
such an eccentricity."

"Wait until your wedding-eve comes,
and see how you will feel about it," re-
torted the bridegroom-elect, as he but-
toned the long wrap about him, and
turned up the fur collar to protect his
neck from the cold. "Well, an revoir.
I shall expect to see you at the wedding-
breakfast to-morrow, remember." And
with the long, swinging stride of a
practiced walker, he disappeared down
the road.

All this transpired at about 11:30, and
the little alabaster clock on Miss Con-
way's mantel pointed to 12 precisely,
when, still brooding over Mr. Falconer's
letter, something like a tremulous quiver
of chill air across her made her start in-
stinctively and look up. The lamp il-
luminated only a small portion of the
room, but the silver radiance of the full
moon, shining in through the casement
across which Katie had forgotten to
draw the crimson draperies, made all as
light as day. And there, standing lean-
ing against the long French casement,
Katie Conway saw her lover, wrapped
in a long, fur-trimmed coat, a seal-skin
cap on his head, and a face as pale as
marble, save one scarlet spot on the left
temple. She started up with a low cry,
and at the same instant he seemed to
beckon her to come to him. And even
as he beckoned the bell in the old
church-tower struck 12.

Katie ran to the casement, but when
she reached it the moonlight and glisten-
ing snow of the untrodden lawn, and
the moving shadows of an immense old
tree that grew close to the house, were
all that could be seen. For an instant

she looked with wild, startled eyes out
upon the snowy silence, and then, wrap-
ping her dressing-gown about her, she
ran to her mother's room.

"Mamma, wake," she cried, stooping
over Mrs. Conway's pillow. "Robert
is here! Robert is outside in the cold.
Call Michael to unbolt the doors. Quick,
mamma, quick." And in five minutes
Michael, the old man-servant, had un-
fastened the ponderous front door and
was looking out.

"Did you say it was at your window
you saw him, Miss Katie?" he asked.
"Yes; close to the glass—beckoning
me to come."

"But it couldn't be, miss," protested
the man. "Look at the smooth snow.
There's naught on it for three yards
around your window, let alone the spar-
row's tracks. Sure there's never a foot-
print touched it since the snow fell,
three days ago."

"For all that I saw him," she said,
lifting a blanched and haggard face
towards her mother. "I saw him. Oh,
mamma, mamma, put away the flowers
and the bridal veil. I shall never be
married now."

"Darling," soothed her mother, "you
are nervous. It was only a dream. Go
to bed now and rest."

But Katie kept on saying, "I shall
never be married now."

Early the next morning old Michael
set off to the florist's for the freshly-cut
flowers which had been ordered for the
wedding breakfast. But he had scarce-
ly reached the gates when the outline
of something dark lying in the snow
caused him to pause abruptly. It was
the figure of a man, his white face turn-
ed upwards towards sunrise, and a tiny
crimson spot on his left temple—the
spot where a bullet had sapped his life
away with deadly aim. And the pro-
strate figure was wrapped, as if in a
shroud, with a long, fur-trimmed coat.

"God help me!" cried out old
Michael; "it's Mr. Falconer, just as
Miss Kate saw him last night." It was
quite true. Robert Falconer had been as-
sassinated on his way to the house of his
bride elect on that moonlight midnight.
And a veil and a tattered shawl caught
in a bush near by led to the almost im-
mediate identification of the assassin.

"I didn't mean to do it," said Mar-
garet Hull, sullenly. "It wasn't him
as I meant to hit when I fired the shot.
He had Karl Porter's fur overcoat on,
and I supposed he was Karl Porter,"
she added, with a savage light in her
eyes. "So if that makes murder, I'm
a murderess. I followed him, on the
sly, all the way from the 'Bolton Arms,'
an' when I saw him cross the moonlit
space by the gates, the church clock be-
gan to strike 12, and I says to myself:
'Now's my time.' And I fired and I
see him drop; and all the time I sup-
posed it was that falsehearted villain
who has made love to my Peggy, and
left her like a cast-off toy. Let him look
out for himself, for I'll kill him yet."

The poor, half-crazed creature was
committed to jail, and there was a fu-
neral at the Conway House, instead of a
wedding.

"Mamma," wailed poor Katie, "did
I not tell you so? His spirit came to
me at the moment in which it was set
free from the body."

Whether it was a dream or a reality
no one ever knew. Katie Conway per-
sisted to the day of her death that she
actually did see Robert Falconer's
wraith. And every year when the sad
anniversary came round she watched at
her window for another glimpse of her
lost lover. But the spirit of the mur-
dered man never came again.—*English
Magazine.*

—An unhappy and credulous burglar
recently read in the society columns of
a Sunday paper that a prominent resi-
dent of the South Division had gone to
the seaside with his family, to spend the
heated spell. He therefore made his
way to the house, which he found dark
and deserted, gently but firmly broke
in a window, and feloniously and bur-
glariously entered the premises, to be
surrounded and captured by the promi-
nent resident and his three stalwart
sons, who were sitting in the back-
kitchen in darkness. They hadn't gone
out of town at all, but had only pre-
tended to go, so as to impress people
with an undue sense of their social im-
portance. The unhappy burglar says
that deception may be the better part
of valor, but he will be what-you-may-
call it if he believes anything more
he sees in the papers.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Protection Against Lightning.

Mr. Nahum Capen has contributed to
the Boston Post a communication con-
cerning lightning-rods, received by him
several years ago from Prof. Henry, of
the Smithsonian Institute, whom he be-
lieves to be the highest authority on this
subject. Prof. Henry makes sugges-
tions as follows:

1. The rod should consist of round
iron of about one inch in diameter; its
parts, throughout the whole length
should be in perfect metallic continuity,
by being secured together by coupling
ferrules.

2. To secure it from rust the rod
should be coated with black paint, itself
a good conductor.

3. It should terminate in a single pla-
tinum point.

4. The shorter and more direct the
course of the rod to the earth the better;
bendings should be rounded and not
formed in acute angles.

5. It should be fastened to the build-
ing by iron eyes, and may be insulated
from these by cylinders of glass, (I don't,
however, consider the latter of much
importance.)

6. The rod should be connected with
the earth in the most perfect manner
possible, and nothing is better for this
purpose than to place it in metallic con-
tact with the gas pipes, of the city. This
connection may be made by a ribbon of
copper or iron soldered to the
end of its extremities and
wrapped around the pipe at
the other. If a connection of this kind
is impracticable, the rod should be con-
tinued horizontally to the nearest well
and then turned vertically downward
until the end enters the water as deep as
its lowest level. The horizontal part of
the rod may be buried in a stratum of
pounded charcoal and ashes. The rod
should be placed, in preference, on the
west side of the building. A rod of this
kind may be put up by an ordinary
blacksmith. The rod in question is in
accordance with our latest knowledge of
all the facts of electricity. Attempted
improvements on it are worthless, and,
as a general thing, are proposed by those
who are but slightly acquainted with the
subject.

Mr. Capen says: "He speaks only
of iron rods, probably because least ex-
pensive. Rods of one-third the size,
made of copper and put up in the same
way, would answer the same purpose."
And he also makes some suggestions as
follows: "When any building is struck
by lightning, let all the phenomena fol-
lowing the event be particularly stated.
The size and situation of the building
and how occupied and surrounded. If
a house, what part. If a stable, how
occupied. If protected by a rod, of
whose make, how large in diameter and
of what metal, and how extended to the
parts of the building and how deeply set
in the ground. The phenomena of
electricity can not be too carefully de-
scribed, and if such descriptions are gen-
erally made to the press the public would
soon acquire much practical information
that would not only be useful to all, but
do much to remove a common scepticism
in respect to the importance of well
adjusted lightning rods."

A Railroad Paying Its Employees in Silver.

The Central Pacific Railroad Com-
pany are now paying their train, yard,
and office men exclusively in silver.
Men who had a few hundred dollars due
them were loaded with coin when the
pay car arrived here yesterday, and for
once seemed to have more money than
they could conveniently carry. While
the company, without the sanction of
Congress, have made silver coin a ten-
der for all amounts due their employees,
with that inconsistency for which power-
ful corporations are becoming notorious,
they refuse to receive such coin for fares
or freight for any amount over five dol-
lars. If an employee of the company,
who received his two months' wages in
silver yesterday, had freight brought
here by rail to-day he would have to pay
all charges above five dollars in gold.
The agents, acting under instructions
from the company, would not receive
the silver paid him for his labor, even at
a discount. This is one of the arbitrary
and despotic decrees which make people
distinguish the Central Pacific Railroad
Company from other corporations by
the name of the "great grasping, soul-
less monopoly."—*Winnemucca Silver
State.*